



**WEBB LODGE #166 F. &A.M.  
DECEMBER 18<sup>th</sup>, 2017 TRESTLEBOARD (#355)**

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Brethren: The **Annual Communication** of Webb Lodge #166 F.& A.M. will be held at the Masonic Temple, 3201 Wrightsboro Road, Augusta, Georgia, on Monday, December 18<sup>th</sup>, 2017. Dinner will be served at 7:00 p.m. and a Lodge of Master Masons will be opened at 8:00 p.m. Please remember to call a brother or widow and invite them to come and share an evening of fellowship with us on that date. If you, another brother or widow need transportation to and from the lodge please call one of the officers. Ladies are invited. (Telephone numbers are located on the reverse side of this newsletter) Widows have an open invitation to come join us for dinner each month and please bring a guest.

**ANNUAL COMMUNICATION:** BRETHREN THE ELECTION OF OFFICERS WILL BE HELD AT OUR ANNUAL COMMUNICATION ON DECEMBER 8<sup>TH</sup>, 2017. THIS IS A VERY IMPORTANT MEETING AND WE WOULD ASK YOU TO MAKE A CONCERTED EFFORT TO BE PRESENT AND DECIDE THE LEADERSHIP OF YOUR LODGE FOR THE UPCOMING MASONIC YEAR. WE WOULD ALSO LIKE FOR YOU TO PARTICIPATE AND CONTRIBUTE IN THE ELECTIONS AS WELL AS THE APPOINTED POSITIONS AND NUMEROUS COMMITTEES WHICH NEED TO BE FILLED. WE NEED YOUR HELP. WEBB LODGE HAS DROPPED BELOW 100 IN MEMBERSHIP AND SOME OF THE FAITHFUL FEW HAVE PASSED AND WE NEED FOR YOU TO STEP UP AND FULFILL THE OBLIGATION THAT ALL OF US TOOK AT THE HOLY ALTAR. HOPE TO SEE YOU ALL THERE ON MONDAY, DECEMBER 8<sup>TH</sup>.



*MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY HANUKKAH FROM THE OFFICERS*

**ERIC FLEISHNER MASON OF THE YEAR AWARD:** Webb Lodge #166 would like to congratulate Brother **Tom England** on receiving the 2017 Eric Fleishner Mason of the Year Award. Brother Tom is our Director of Masonic Education and has given numerous inspiring talks on Masonry. He is one of our oldest members yet continues to attend just about every communication. Brother Tom is also a 32° KCCH Scottish Rite Mason and continues to participate in the 29<sup>th</sup> degree at the Valley of Augusta Reunions. Tom is Definitely **"ONE OF THE FAITHFUL FEW."** Congratulations Tom on this prestigious award.



**ON THE LIGHT SIDE:** We have several members of the Masonic Fraternity who grew up in the North (including myself) but finally got smart and moved south. We always hear comments from those born here like this example: When a visitor to a town in Alabama spotted a dog attacking a boy, he grabbed the animal and throttled it with his bare hands. An impressed reporter saw the incident and told the hero tomorrow's headline would read "Valiant Local Man Saves Child by Killing a Vicious Animal." I'm not from here, said the man. The reporter it would say "Alabama Man Saves Child by Killing Dog." Actually, the man said, I am from New York. The next day the paper read **"Yankee Kills Family Pet."**



**QUOTABLE QUOTES:** 1. All mothers have intuition. The great ones have radar. (Guisewite) 2. As far as I am concerned, whom is a word that was invented to make everyone sound like a butler. (Trillin) 3. Every success is usually an admission ticket to a new set of decisions. (Kissinger) 4. I never feel lonely in the kitchen. Food is very friendly. (Child) 6. Happy is harder than money. Anybody who thinks money will make you happy, hasn't got money. (Geffen) 7. The ideal structure for a family is one that remains so. (Mitchard) 8. No matter what kind of backgrounds two men are from, if you go, "Hey man, women are crazy," you have got a friend. (Rock).

**THE MASONIC RING:** Brethren: If you have access to the internet take the time and view Howie Damron's guitar and vocal rendition of the Masonic Ring. It's only 3 min and 15 seconds and well worth the time. You can either search for Howie Damron's The Masonic Ring or just type in this:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4oFeKJKoaKc>





**PARTING SHOT: (FOR ALL OF US WHO ARE EITHER BALDING OR ARE ALREADY BALD)** Most studies show that if a man is bald in the front, he is a thinker. If he is bald in the back, he is sexy. However, if he is bald in both the front and the back, he thinks he's sexy!!

**A CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE WITH GRANDMA;** I remember my first Christmas adventure with Grandma. I was just a kid. I remember tearing across town on my bike to visit her on the day my big sister dropped the bomb; "There is no Santa Claus," she jeered. "Even dummies know that!" My Grandma was not the gushy kind, never had been. I fled to her that day because I knew she would be straight with me. I knew Grandma always told the truth, and I knew that the truth always went down a whole lot easier when swallowed with one of her world-famous cinnamon buns. I knew they were world-famous, because Grandma said so. Grandma was home, and the buns were still warm. Between bites, I told her everything. "No Santa Claus!" she snorted. "Ridiculous! Don't believe it. That rumor has been going around for years, and it makes me mad, plain mad. Now, put on your coat, and let's go." "Go? Go where, Grandma?" I asked. I hadn't even finished my second world-famous, cinnamon bun. "Where" turned out to be Kerby's General Store, the one store in town that had a little bit of everything. As we walked through its doors, Grandma handed me \$10. That was a lot in those days. "Take this money," she said, "and buy something for someone who needs it. I'll wait for you in the car." Then she turned and walked out of Kerby's. I was only eight years old. I'd gone shopping with my mother, but never shopped all by myself. The store seemed big and crowded, full of people scrambling to finish their Christmas shopping. For a few moments I just stood there, confused, clutching that \$10 bill, wondering what to buy, and who on earth to buy it for. I thought of everybody I knew: my family, my friends, my neighbors, the kids at school, the people at my church. I was just about thought out, when I suddenly thought of Bobby Decker. He was a kid with bad breath and messy hair, and he sat right behind me in Mrs. Pollock's class. Bobby Decker didn't have a coat. I knew that because he never went out for recess during the winter. His mother always wrote a note, telling the teacher that he had a cough, but we knew that Bobby Decker didn't have a cough, and he didn't have a coat. With growing excitement I realized I would buy Bobby Decker a coat! I settled on a red corduroy one that had a hood to it. It looked real warm, and he would like that. "Is this a Christmas present for someone?" the lady behind the counter asked kindly, as I laid my ten dollars down. "Yes," I replied shyly. "It's....for Bobby." The nice lady smiled at me. I didn't get any change, but she put the coat in a bag and wished me a Merry Christmas. That evening, Grandma helped me wrap the coat in Christmas paper and ribbons (a little tag fell out of the coat, and Grandma tucked it in her Bible) and wrote, "To Bobby, From Santa Claus" on it. Grandma said that Santa always insisted on secrecy. Then she drove me over to Bobby Decker's house, explaining as we went that I was now and forever officially one of Santa's helpers. Grandma parked down the street from Bobby's house, and she and I crept up to the bushes by his front door. Then Grandma gave me a nudge. "All right, Santa Claus," she whispered, "get going." I took a deep breath, dashed for the door, threw the present down on his step, pounded his doorbell and flew back to the safety of the bushes and Grandma. Together we waited breathlessly in the darkness for the front door to open. Finally it did, and there stood Bobby. Fifty years haven't dimmed the thrill of that moment spent shivering, beside my Grandma, in Bobby Decker's bushes. That night, I realized that rumors about Santa Claus were just what Grandma said they were: ridiculous. Santa was alive and well, and we were on his team. **I still have the Bible, with the tag inside: \$19.95. If you have no Christmas in your heart you'll never find it under a tree.**



**Editor & Secretary  
T. Gregory Oblak, P.M.**



**Worshipful Master  
Jack P. Goldenberg, P.M.**

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**WEBB LODGE #166 F. & A.M. 2017 OFFICERS**

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